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AY AT HOME.

BY

A. H. GOTTSCHALL.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

MARIETTA, PA.:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1877.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Compositors and Pressmen of the Chicago Sun,

WHO WERE MY FIRST
COMPANIONS AT THE CASE
AND PRESS, THIS NARRATIVE IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

BOYS, STAY AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY--I RUN AWAY FROM HOME--"ON THE TRAMP"--OVERHAULED BY CHIPPEWA INDIANS--AN UNEXPECTED DIVE IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER--THE RED PIPE STONE QUARRY--"ROUGHING IT" ON THE PLAINS OF DAKOTA--SIOUX INDIAN MODE OF BURIAL--IN CLOSE QUARTERS--A FRIENDLY SIOUX CHIEF--SIOUX LANGUAGE.

I was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1854. Like most boys, early in life, I was possessed with an intense longing to see the Indians and buffalo in their native wilds, and to travel—a desire that has since been gratified far beyond my most distant expectations, and greatly to my sorrow.

Even before the event of donning trowsers and brass-toed boots, I was the happy owner of a toy bow and arrow, as well as miniature steamboats and railroads.

As I grew older, the perusal of Indian Romances, Pirate Tales, and the like, occupied much of the time, which I now think, should have been devoted to something more useful.

Thoughts of running away from home, and plans for carrying them out, soon filled my head, and when in my fifteenth year, like many other foolish boys, I made my bundle and started on a "wild goose chase," without once giving a thought to the policy of the undertaking.

The first point of destination was New York, where I expected to get aboard a ship that was about to sail for California, but the captain gave me such a discouraging account of a trip around the Cape, that I abandoned the project, and went to Philadelphia.

After wandering about the streets of that city for several days, in quest of employment, I learned that W. H. Sutton, and E. Waln, lawyers occupying separate offices at No. 721 Walnut Street, wanted a copyist.

I soon found the place, and after managing to answer their various questions about home, without telling how I had left it, I obtained the situation.

My employers were true Christian gentlemen, and among the most successful lawyers in the city. Had I remained with them, and stuck to "Blackstone," I might have done well, but I was bent upon following my own reckless inclinations.

After a year's sojourn I started for Brainerd, a small town in Northern Minnesota, which was then the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

On reaching my destination I was pretty well "used up," for I had been nearly two weeks on the way, and had "roughed it" on freight cars the entire distance.

After a bath in the Mississippi, I took a stroll about the town, and while thus engaged, a gentleman who was sitting on the porch in front of his house, opened a conversation, and addressed me as follows: "Well friend, how do you find it on the tramp these days?" "I have been there myself and know all about it." "Come in and make yourself at home, the 'latch-string' always hangs out for tramps at my house, and my 'better half' has a warm place in her heart for all wanderers far from home."

My host, Mr. Frank Russell, was one of the first men in town, although he had landed a few years before devoid of means.

After remaining a few days in Brainerd I joined a party of Government surveyors, and accompanied them to the Chippewa Indian country, in Northern Minnesota.

Here, for the first time, I came in contact with the "noble red man," but I must confess that I was more than a little disappointed in him, for I soon found that the noble, dignified and generous Indian pictured in the pages of romance, is not always to be found in the shape of a genuine savage.

One day, while near Leach Lake, alone, four Chippewas who had been gathering blue-berries, espied me in the distance, and lost no time in becoming better acquainted with me.

As they drew near they began to stone me, but I paid no attention to them and walked on.

They soon came up to me, and after the usual "How! How!" began to make themselves unpleasantly familiar. Two of them held me, while the other two made an effort to search my pockets, and tried to take my revolver, but having it in my hand, with the muzzle toward them, they concluded to let me retain it.

Only one of them was armed, his weapon being an old shot gun. I requested him to let me see it, which he did without hesitating. I then made him understand that I wanted to discharge it, and see if it was a good gun. At this he became very angry, and told me that he had only one percussion cap.

I knew if that cap was off the gun they would be harmless, but with it on, they were liable to use it in order to get my clothes, and then sink my body in the lake, so I removed the cap from the tube and dropped it in the sand, pretending to have done so accidentally, and while looking for it I of course, was careful to tramp it deeper into the sand.

They became very angry, but there was no remedy, and my revolver contained five cartridges that meant business.

One of the Indians remarked that as I had examined their gun, I should give them the same privilege with my revolver. That, no doubt, would have been fair enough, but I declined.

They then suddenly changed their demeanor, and invited me to accompany them to their lodges in the timber. I informed them that the camp of the white men was near by, and that I would go there.

I then started for camp without further ceremony, and the Indians shortly after disappeared among the pines.

A few days after this, while on the bank of the Upper Mississippi, near Pakagamon Falls, I concluded to try my skill at paddling an Indian canoe that had been left on the shore by some Red Lake Chippewas, who were some miles away hunting in the forest.

I soon had the craft in the water, for it was very light, having been constructed entirely of birch-bark. I no sooner put one foot in the canoe, than over it went, bottom side up, and the boy in ten feet of water. I could not swim an inch, and how I got out, I cannot to this day conceive. A strange, indescribable, power seemed to control me, and without knowing by what influence, I found myself safe on the bank.

I remember going down twice, and it seemed ages to me before I reached the bottom. All my former life came before me in an instant, and I fancied that I could see my mother at home, and I seemed to hear her voice as plain as I ever did.

My escape from a watery grave was indeed miraculous, but He who watches over all, willed it otherwise, and to him I owe my grateful homage.

After leaving the Chippewa country, we started across the plains of Northern Dakota, to Fort Sully, on the Missouri River.

While on the journey I visited the Red Pipe Stone Quarry, which is situated in the Southwestern part of Minnesota, a few miles from the Dakota line.

The traveler approaching the quarry from the West, reaches Pipe Stone Creek shortly after leaving the Sioux River, of which stream the creek is a tributary.

This creek is held sacred by the Sioux, and in passing to and from the quarry, they always stop to refresh themselves and pay homage to the Great Spirit.

The water is so clear that every fish and pebble can be distinctly seen on the bottom.

The quarry is about one mile in length, and one eighth of a mile in width. Lying as it does, upon a bluff, it can be seen for miles before reaching it, and at a distance, owing to the innumerable jutting and irregular excavations made by the Indians while procuring their pipe-stone, it resembles an Indian village, with all its peculiar surroundings, so minutely, that at first sight, the effect is singularly striking.

From time immemorable the Sioux Indians have secured stone for making pipes and tomahawks at this place, and it is still in their possession, having been reserved for them by the Government, in accordance with a treaty made with that tribe.

They guard it with a jealous eye, and never allow Indians of other tribes to visit the spot.

The late Mr. George Catlin, who spent thirty years among the North American Indians, is supposed to be the first white man who visited the quarry, which was about the year 1840, while with the Sioux in that vicinity.

The stone is very easy to fashion and susceptible of a beautiful polish. It is taken out of the quarry in layers, from one to two inches thick.

Every year, Indians of the Sioux tribe visit the quarry for the purpose of worship, and to secure a portion of the stone, which

they believe, is the petrified remains of their ancestors, washed to the spot at the time of the Flood, and turned into stone on account of their wickedness,

The country around the quarry consists of rolling prairie, and it is grand and beautiful beyond description.

After remaining a short time at Fort Sully, I started for Sioux City on foot, a distance of three hundred miles, entirely alone, and armed only with a navy revolver, although my route for more than half the way, lay through an unbroken wilderness inhabited by hostile Indians.

The soldiers gave me a supply of provision before I left the fort, but when that run out, I was obliged to seek it elsewhere. A duck, rabbit, or prairie-chicken, roasted on a forked stick held over a fire, alkaline-water, and a bed out on the open prairie, was my fare.

If there was any romance in this I failed to see it, and I heartily wished myself back in old Pennsylvania, where "square meals" and good water abound.

If boys who have good homes and kind parents, only knew what a life of hardship and suffering awaits them, when they leave the comforts of home to seek pleasure in adventure, they would surely think differently of it. No matter where we may go, or what we may do, home is the centre to which the heart will invariable turn.

During the first few days I had the good fortune to meet with no Indians, although I frequently came to places where they had camped, and all along the way, I found Indian graves, or more properly, elevated platforms, upon which the dead bodies had been placed, wrapped in a blanket or robe, and accompanied by all the weapons and instruments used by the deceased while living.

This is a custom peculiar to the Sioux. The Chippewas and a few other tribes, place the body on the surface, and erect a small hut of bark or limbs over it. Others put the body in a deep grave, in a sitting posture. Sometimes, if any deaths occur while on the march, among the Sioux, the bodies are fastened in the crotch of a tree, after having been previously wrapped in a robe.

While hunting on the Republican River, in Kansas, I found a few graves of this kind containing the bodies of Northern Sioux.

The Sioux lament long and violently for their dead, and frequently inflict severe wounds upon themselves to increase their

lamentations. When a death occurs, the female relations of the deceased, go out alone on the bluffs to weep, so that the warriors may not be obliged to witness their weakness, for the Indians deem the shedding of tears, an evidence of great cowardice.

On one occasion, while among the Sioux, a warrior died in the village, notwithstanding all the incantations of the medicine man, who kept up his chanting and howling for hours, and the warrior's squaw, after spending the night on the hills weeping, returned and sacrificed her pony.

To the general reader, a more extended description of the manners and customs of the Indians, as well as my experience among them, might prove interesting, but the limits of the work forbid its insertion.

"Fanny Kelly's Captivity Among The Sioux," written by herself, with all of woman's pathos and power, is probable the most complete and comprehensive work of the kind ever published, and while it graphically delineates the Indian, in all his cruelty and barbarism, it gives a minute and elaborate description of Indian character and habits in general.

On the fourth day after leaving the fort, I was greatly terrified by suddenly finding myself in close proximity to a large party of Brule Sioux encamped in the timber along the Missouri.

I turned instantly, and shaping my course for a clump of trees, left no grass grow under my feet, but this effort brought me into the very difficulty I hoped to evade.

The instant I reached the timber, five Indians sprang up from the bushes, with drawn tomahawks, and upon seeing me, exclaimed: "Eu, seah ho-kes-hedan!" (O, a white boy!) and without further ceremony, they came forward and handled me in a manner that put me ill at ease.

First a red handkerchief, which one of them found in my pocket, attracted his attention, and in a short time he took possession of it himself. My pocket-knife and other little articles, soon followed. He then reached for my revolver, but not caring to part with it just then, I drew it from the scabbard, and held it in my hand. He understood me, and reaching out his brawny hand, said: "Token, koda? Brule Lah-ko-tah wash-ta-to," (How do you do, friend? the Brule Indian is very good).

They then informed me, that if I would accompany them to their camp, they would give me some "tah-rin-chah woy-ute," or deer meat. I knew it would be useless to refuse, and I did not want to anger them by doing so, for I was on dangerous ground, and knowing that to reject offered hospitality, is considered a great insult by the Sioux, I followed them with as much courage as I could summon.

All the stories I had ever heard of Indian cruelty and barbarism, now came to my mind with tenfold more vividness.

Thoughts of the bloody scalping-knife, and the fiery stake, crowded through my troubled mind.

On reaching the camp, I was immediately surrounded by a group of hideously painted and adorned warriors, who wanted to know where I lived, how many whites were near, and how well they were armed. They then led me into a "tepe," or lodge, where several other Indians were smoking, and making "chi-cha-cha" (the bark of red willow, dried, pulverized, and used for smoking, when tobacco is scarce).

They motioned me to a seat in their midst, and then began to examine my clothes, and one young brave, named "Minne Tonkah," or Big Water, wanted to take my shoes, but I had no desire to part with them, and arose to leave the lodge, but they followed me, and compelled me to sit down again. They then took my revolver, and were in the act of taking my coat, when an old gray-headed chief entered, and greeted me in the most friendly manner.

The moment he entered, the demeanor of the Indians changed, and they immediately gave me my pistol. He then beckoned for me to follow him, which I did very willingly, for I was glad to get away from the rest.

He conducted me to his tepe, near by, and directed his "tow-itchy" (wife) to prepare dinner for me. The meal consisted of a kind of pan-cake, made of Fort Sully flour, antelope steak, and mint-tea.

I was not at all hungry, for my appetite had been frightened away by my first meeting with the Indians, and the way the old lady went about serving up the repast, did not improve it in the least. however, I managed to dispose of a portion of it; but many times after this, while with the Sioux, I would have deemed it good.

The old chief's name was "Tin-tah Shun-kah," or Prairie Dog. He seemed to be very friendly toward the whites, and treated me kindly, but he did not want to let me continue my journey, saying as an excuse, that some of the other Indians would kill me before I could reach the settlements.

Being perfectly safe while with him, and not really having an opportunity to leave in safety, for the other Indians were constantly watching an opportunity to rob me of my clothes and pistol, I concluded to remain with him awhile.

I remained several weeks in the village, when an opportunity hereafter mentioned, offered for me to leave.

Prairie Dog took great delight in teaching me the Sioux language, and he would sit for hours telling me the names of different objects, all of which I carefully noted down in a little journal which I always carried with me, and in a short time, I learned the use and meaning of several hundred words, which with signs, and other auxiliaries, common among all the North American Indians, enabled me to talk with them quite freely.

There are, I believe, about twenty different tribes in the Sioux nation, and nearly all of them speak a slightly different dialect of the language, and many words are different in the different dialects. Buffalo in Yankton and Cheyenne is "tah-ton-kah," in Santee and Brule "tin-tah pet." Knife in Brule and Yankton is "me-nah," in Santee, Unkaphah and Cheyenne "is-ahn." Over the river in Santee and Yankton is "ah-kahs-ahn-pah," in Titonwan "ho-ah-kah-tah."

Some writers erroneously assert that the Sioux call themselves "Dakota," and abhor the name of "Sioux," but such is not the case. "Dakota" is a Sioux word, and strictly means "a Sioux woman." As no greater insult could possibly be offered a brave, than to call him a woman, the error can be readily seen. In some dialects the word woman, when applied to foreign tribes, is "wee."

In this village was a young widow who treated me very graciously, and having been partial to the society of widows from early boyhood, we were soon on terms of friendship.

A chat with the little widow in her cozy tepe, was quite refreshing, after stealing away from the old man, his untruthful yarns, and tobacco-smoke.

CHAPTER II.

A HORRID SPECTACLE--A BLOODY SCALP DANCE--RAMBLING--A FRIENDLY ENGINEER--HINTS FOR DISSATISFIED BOYS--LOST ON THE PRAIRIE--FRIENDLY INDIANS--THE PANGS OF THIRST--"HO! FOR THE WEST!"

My last hours with the Brules were marked by a terrible remembrance—a scene that can never be forgotten.

The day before, several Ponca Indians from the Niobrara River, were caught in the act of stealing ponies near the camp. Being deadly enemies of the Sioux, they were instantly shot, and mutilated in the most shocking manner.

After dragging them through the camp until the close of the following day, they cut off the head, arms, and legs of the victims, and placed them on poles erected for the purpose.

As soon as the work was completed, the warriors assembled to perform the scalp-dance, adorned and painted in the most frightful manner. Some were covered with the skin of the buffalo, even the huge head and horns were adjusted, beneath which, the hideously painted and distorted face, only half revealed by the flickering blaze, formed a picture, that imagination fancies, could only be found in the Lower Region.

A number of warriors formed in a circle around the poles, to which were fastened the Ponca scalps. Inside of the circle, were several fires, over which were suspended a number of large pots containing "shun-kah wy-ute," or dog's meat.

Among the Sioux, Pawnee, Omaha, and a few other tribes of the Plains, the dog is considered sacred, and he is only sacrificed on the occasion of a feast.

About five hundred Indians took part in the dance, all jumping upon both feet at the same time, with such force, as to shake the very ground beneath them.

As usual on such occasions, they employed the most outlandish gestures, and uncouth attitudes, yelling the fearful war-cry, and striking towards each other with their weapons, as though they were the most deadly enemies.

At intervals of about twenty minutes they all stopped dancing, and after uttering the war-hoop in concert, seated themselves on the ground in a circle, when each one was served with a portion of the dog's meat by old men who officiated as waiters.

On this occasion they paid no attention to the dressing of the meat, the whole dog—hair, head, entrails, and all, were put into the pot and boiled until soft.

The chief, after disposing of his portion, made a short speech, and then took a seat on the ground, cross-legged, according to the custom, when about fifty of the Indians arose, and began to dance again. Soon they were joined by the whole party, when the yelling and stamping grew furious and faster. As they became more excited, their faces became horribly distorted, their glittering, snake-like eyes protruded with a fiendish, indescribable appearance, as they gnashed their teeth, and by simultaneous sounds and motions, tried to imitate the sibilant, gurgling sound of death in battle.

No pen can describe the frightful scene in all its fearful barbarity, as the bloody scalps were held aloft in the light of the flickering blaze, and their uncouth and reeling forms were only half revealed by the council-fire.

It was a sight that I can never forget, and now as I set the type on this page, the scene comes to my mind with striking vividness.

This ceremony is always performed at night, consequently its terrible characteristics are greatly increased by the weird glare of the fire.

About midnight, when all but the squaws and children were engaged in the ceremony, I took advantage of the excitement that prevailed and crept silently away. When I reached the open prairie I took to my heels, thankful that I had escaped so well.

I traveled all that night, and the next morning I came to a village containing several hundred Yanktons. Some of them were very surly, and after "going through" my pockets, handled me rather roughly. Even a few of the squaws partook of the spirit of their lords, and assailed me with fire-brands, saying: "Pato washita, wah-sechah" (fire is good, white man). The majority of them, however, were kindly disposed toward me. As was my custom, while among the Indians, I made it a point to find friends among

the old and head men, and in this camp I was very successful.

In the village was an Omaha chief who had been to Washington a short time before to see the President, and while in Philadelphia, a gentleman belonging to the Order of Red Men, presented this red "brother" with a Red Man's silver badge, upon which was carved the following: "A. Sanders, Philadelphia, Pa."

Among these Yanktons were many who had taken part in the Minnesota massacre, at New Ulm, in 1862, also at the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, at Spirit Lake, Minnesota. They are friendly by pretense, and receive annuities from the Government, but at heart they are Sioux Indians.

From these Indians, as well as from others that I have been among, I obtained various impliments in use by them—pipes, tomahawks, arrows, ornaments, etc. If I ever have a "towitchy" and a "tepe," after all these years of "roving," the Indian mementoes will occupy a prominent place in it.

The village, consisting of about two hundred lodges, was romantically situated on a ridge of bluffs, about a mile from the Missouri. Being the month of July, the prairies were very beautiful. Almost as far as the eye could reach was one vast expanse of tall waving grass, which being moved to and fro by the wind, resembled a mighty water, with all its heaving, rolling billows, bounded by nothing but the deep blue sky above.

One day, during my stay with the Yanktons, I went about a mile from the village with a chief named "Manka," who had become singularly attached to me, and in whose tepe I lived while in the village. We went to the top of a high bluff, from which could be seen the surrounding country for many miles. What a sight—one to make the very soul expand with lofty thought and the frail teniment sink into nothing before its magnificence.

On every hand was miles and miles of the most sublime, the most enchanting scene I had ever beheld. In every direction was the mighty prairie, covered with luxuriant grass and the blooming wild flowers. Every now and then groups of timid antelope, and flocks of birds of beautiful plumage appeared, and heightened the beauty of the scene. I stood and marked all with that poetical feeling of pleasant sadness which these lovely prairies awaken in the breast of the lover of nature. Far away in the distance was

long ridges of conical shaped mounds, wrapped in the dim screen of dreamy haze, and the false, fascinating mirage, which so often deludes by its resemblance to streams of water, appeared constantly on all sides.

As I stood there like one riveted to the spot by the grandeur of my surroundings, the chief, whom I had entirely forgotten, reminded me that it was growing late. On the way to the village the thought came to my mind, "Soon all will be changed. The pioneer's plow will break the prairie, and his drill will deposit in the furrows the grains of corn and wheat soon to spring up instead of the prairie grass and flowers. The white man's substantial house will take the place of the Indian tepe, and the "iron-horse," bringing with it commerce and the luxuries of civilization, will thunder across the prairie now traversed by the Indian and his pony.

Already I fancied the white man's village in the bend of the river, the spires of the village church towering above the tree tops, and in the valley beyond, the cows and sheep quietly grazing.

One day I was astonished to find a lovely little blue-eyed girl, about seven years of age, in a tepe with an Indian family. She was dressed and ornamented with trinkets like the Indian children.

The sight of the little girl among these savage looking Indians filled me with strange and conflicting emotions. Immediately I asked myself the question, "How did she get among them, and where are her parents?" A burning cabin, father and mother murdered, and the little orphan carried away as a captive, was the first scene to be imagined. I addressed her in the Sioux tongue, "To-ken chis-te-nah wah-se-chah wee?" (How do you do, little white woman)? She came to me immediately, and seemed glad to see one of her own race. She had forgotten much of her early life, but informed me that her name was Curry, that the Indians had killed her mother, and that her father and sisters lived with the Brules.

She was happy and contented with her surroundings, and said that she liked the Indians. I asked her if she would not like to have some nice dresses and a doll, like other little white girls, she replied: "Yes, but I want to stay here, the Indians are so kind."

A few days after leaving the village I reached the Yankton Reserve, in charge of Mr. John G. Gasmann. This gentleman is a

"model Indian agent," which is a curiosity at the present day.

On reaching the mouth of Choteau Creek I crossed the Missouri with some Indians, in a canoe, and visited the Poncas. Among these Indians I witnessed the council-dance and other ceremonies.

On reaching Sioux City I went to Saint Paul, and from there I started for Chicago.

At night I slept in freight-cars and saw-mills, and when a place in the latter could not be obtained, I occupied the ground-floor of "mother earth," or the soft side of a plank. During the day, when an opportunity offered, I monopolized the platform of a moving car, and satisfied the cravings of hunger on wild plums.

At Baraboo, Wisconsin, I climbed into the engine of the south bound express train on the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. I was weary, hungry, wet to the skin, and above all, I had a terrible bad attack of the "blues." The engine was in charge of engineer Hecox, an old railroad man and a great favorite on the road. His kind, genial face gave me assurance, as I got into his cab, and in answer to my application for a ride, he said: "Certainly, my dear boy; you look like a good, honest young fellow. Get up on the fireman's box, wrestle with the contents of this dinner-pail, and make yourself easy. I have been on the tramp myself and know what it is. It comes to the most of us in a life-time."

Should this ever meet his eye, he will know that he has not been forgotten by the tramp whose gloomy path he brightened by a ride on his "iron-horse."

There is no feeling of being utterly friendless, so great as that experienced by a stranger on entering a city on a dark, rainy, night alone, and without the hope of seeing one familiar face, cold, hungry, no place to lay your head, while from the grand and brilliantly illuminated parlors issue the merry voices of the happy ones within, reminding you painfully of your own forlorn condition.

Boys, stay at home, give up all foolish ideas of roving, and you will be much happier and more contented than if you had traveled over the whole world. The most contented people are those who never cared to roam.

On reaching Chicago I obtained a position on the Stx, where I remained a year, and then went to Canada. I soon became "broke," and then started for New Orleans, by way of Niagara Falls, Boston,

Philadelphia, and Richmond, and had a pretty rough time of it.

At Hagerstown, Maryland, I was very kindly entertained and favored by Mr. Miller, the gentlemanly telegraph operator of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, also by Mr. Gruber, a "brother" operator. I remember them with profound respect.

I remained but a short time in New Orleans, and then started for Saint Louis. After a short stay in the latter city I started for the West again, and after working awhile at the printing business in Dakota and Nebraska, I turned up at Ellsworth, Kansas. Here I joined a party of buffalo hunters, and accompanied them to the head waters of the Republican River. After roving for several months over the plains, between the Platte and Arkansas Rivers, we started for Fort Harker with two wagon loads of buffalo hides.

I would have made a handsome "stake" had I reached the fort with the hides, but I was doomed to be disappointed. One day while hunting I became separated from my companions, and night coming on, I was unable to find them. All night long I searched for them, but in vain. I must have wandered miles away, or I could have found my way to camp by the aid of the hunters' fire.

Early in the morning I unexpectedly reached a camp of Northern Sioux Indians in the timber on the bank of the Smoky Hill River. They were very friendly, and the leader promised to take me with him to Fort Wallace.

Near this spot, on the river bank, the Germain family were surprised and attacked by the Cheyenne Indians, in the following summer, while on their way to Colorado. The father, mother, one son, and a daughter, were cruelly murdered on the spot. Katie, the eldest surviving daughter, a handsome and accomplished young lady, and her three younger sisters were carried away as captives.

After months of suffering and privation, they were released by General Miles, agent of the Cheyennes.

It is supposed that it was Cheyennes of this same party who murdered Surveyor Short, his son, and party, on Crooked Creek, in Kansas, a short time after the attack upon the Germain family.

In my late interview with Miss Germain and Mrs. Short, in Kansas, they informed me that some of Mr. Short's horses were seen in the camp of the Cheyennes who held the Germain sisters.

It is hoped that the Government will make an appropriation

to the ladies, so cruelly deprived by these wards of the nation.

Before leaving camp one of the Sioux informed me that we would pass through a beautiful wood-land country abounding in good water, timber, and game. The falseness of his statement was soon made apparent; not a drop of water could be found, and the ground was so thickly covered with the disagreeable cactus plant and alkai, that it was impossible for any thing but Indians and rattlesnakes to exist long on its surface. When going on a journey where water is not to be had, the Sioux carry two small sticks, called by them, "minne caln" (water wood) which they chew at intervals, thus producing saliva and preventing the parching sensation I experienced. I could not find relief by resorting to such means, and the agony I endured no pen can describe.

After traveling about thirty miles I grew very faint, and it was only by great effort that I kept from falling off my horse, and on reaching a large overhanging rock that lay in my course, I dropped to the ground and crept beneath its inviting shade. The Indians saw the movement, and coming to me immediately, urged me to push on, assuring me there was water a short distance beyond. I climbed upon the rock and scanned the horizon in every direction, but no water was to be seen, nothing but the false mirage met my eager gaze. In a fit of despair I sank to the ground at the base of the rock and concluded that there I must die. My tongue was parched and swollen so that I could not speak, and objects before me were no longer plainly visible. I felt that I was fast being overcome by the strange, indescribable stupor, that knows no waking when brought on by the pangs of thirst.

Toward evening we reached a small tributary of the Smoky Hill River. Although the water was very nauseous and strongly impregnated with alkali, I found relief from the terrible agony of thirst.

At this stream we camped over night, and the next morning resumed our journey to the fort, which we reached in a few hours.

In a few days I took a trip to Fort Lyon, Pueblo, Pikes Peak, Denver, and Salt Lake City. Here I remained for several weeks, and then started Westward. After traveling among the Ute, Pah-Ute, and Shoshone Indians in Utah and Nevada, I turned up at Calistoga, California, a small mountain town that sports a "Week-

ly Tribune." Here I remained until the following Spring, when I went to Fort Lincoln, in Dakota, from which point I started for the Black Hills; but like many others, my plans were defeated by the savage Sioux.

I may, at some future time, publish a work on my experience and adventures among the Sioux Indians.

At West Point, Nebraska, I was greatly favored by Mr. Clarence Seleigh, an estimable young man and foreman of the WEST POINT REPUBLICAN.

On my way East I passed through Scribner, Nebraska, and for the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Helm, the handsome young telegraph operator of the Sioux City & Pacific Railroad at Scribner, I owe my warmest respect.

At Sterling, Illinois, I formed the acquaintance of Mr. St. John, a fatherly old gentleman, and a friend of the "young man in a strange city." Through his influence I obtained a position on the Rock Falls (Ill.) PROGRESS, published by Messrs. Cadwell & Tuttle.

Here I remained for several months and then resumed my journey to Pennsylvania.

At Rock Falls I became acquainted with Dr. H. C. Clements, a prominent physician of that place, and a genial, warm-hearted gentleman. Both the doctor and his good lady became deeply interested in the various phases of my young life, and we were soon fast friends. Not yet having learned the necessity of cards, liquor, and tobacco, I never joined my brother printers in their night carousals, but after the duties of the day, I passed most of the evenings at the home and in the study of the cordial doctor. I shall ever remember him and his "better half" with gratitude, for the interest they manifested in the "rover."

I have now reached the end of my little narrative, and although it would take volumes, to relate properly, my many adventures and "ups and downs," I hope that my effort, poor as it is, will convince the reader of the uselessness of "roving." I now hope to banish forever all inclinations to "roam," and with a printing press and a "quarter section" of the beautiful prairie land which Uncle Sam furnishes, free, to all of his boys, I intend to follow the advice I give the readers of "BOYS, STAY AT HOME."

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